



# Drowning in Air



124 9 14

## Chapter 1 by Sam I am

"Breathe! Just breathe!" I could hear my mom's voice saying over and over inside my head. The world around me started fading to black and my body was going numb. I felt like I was drowning again. But I was drowning in air. That's when it happened. Everything went silent and black.

## Chapter 2 by Ikiru Aki



Suddenly i opened my eyes and i could see a a bright light infront of me. It was white as snow and it's shine felt soft like the moon light. Then i could hear a soft light voice saying " Second chance, Make the most of it! ". After the that ,the voice faded away and a could see my mothers face. She cried with joy and hugged me tight.

## Chapter 3 by -



"Mom! Mom! I get a second chance!" I was so happy! I gave mom a huge hug and a thousand little kisses.

"Okay... Okay honey! I knew there was nothing wrong, I told you just to breathe. Taking deep breaths can do a world of good. Why do you think I take yoga?"

What? How could mom not know... the most serious thing that has ever happened to me, and she is saying "Okay, it's good for you?"

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I stopped crazily embracing her and shuffled to my room. Maybe it was just dreaming though?

Life was soo complicated sometimes...

#### Chapter 4 by Lauren



Death is a strange thing; so few could tell you. Drowning, drowning in air, your lungs unable to breathe. That's how it starts. And then your just gone. No one knows for sure where. There are so many different beliefs, and I've never made it far enough to tell for sure.

I am a DeathWatcher, one who was put in the world for one purpose, to live a life normally, to grow and learn like anyone else. In fact, I never knew until that day, only a few short months ago, what I was.

I hoped it was a dream, but I didn't know of the DeathWatchers existence before. I was told.

It was cruel, to force a teenager, an average one at that, to travel between life and death, with normal memories, normal existence, and no remembrance of anything beyond the grave.

I made a mistake. I tried to hold on. It was to no avail, but I was nearly gone for good, beyond the afterlife, wherever it was.

I was given another chance, to live again in my cruel reality of living a lie.

But ti was another chance.

Another chance.

#### Chapter 5 by adware



I had realized my position when I awoke one night to find I had been sleep walking, and sleep painting. In my sleep I had pulled out my mother's art supplies and created a crude portrait of myself, divided into three vertical segments. On the leftmost segment was my left ear, left shoulder and left arm, in the background was my house. In the center segment was the center of my body. My face was full of terror. The background in this segment I had painted a deep

lightless black. In the leftmost segment was my left ear, shoulder and arm. In the background was a beautiful landscape made of

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One detail of the painting was my mother's hand. In the rightmost segment, my hand was being held, no pulled by a woman's hand. I recognized it as my mother's hand, from the wedding ring and the flecks of acrylic paint on her nails.

In the rightmost segment was my mother's other hand. Pulling mine.  
She was pulling me into the world of the living and the afterlife. I was perpetually stuck somewhere in the middle.

Could she be a DeathWatcher too? Had she known all this time?  
A soft light voice wafted into my head, a memory--

"Why do you think I take yoga?"

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